ORGANIZATION.

THE PROBLEM THAT HAS AGITATED WOMEN FOR MANY YEARS.

What Organization Has Done for Females—One Writer Says That It Is a Mistake for Women to Regard Men as Enemies—Men Have Helped Them.

The problem of organization is one which has agitated women who work ever since the sex has been regarded as a factor in industrial competition, and it is apparent, from the almost daily discussions of the subject, that it is no nearer solution than it was at its inception. The relative sides of the controversy, whether organization assists in the amelioration of the sex from the evil effects of prejudice, have many champions who argue the question of principle with much wisdom and enthusiasm. To a casual observer, or even one who is interested in the outcome of the agitation without taking part in it, the affirmative side of the proposition would seem to be the most logical and popular, and there are many evidences to substantiate this view.

It is scarcely ten years since organization was tried by industrial women, and an observer epitomizes the result in these words: "Organization has in the first place compelled the recognition of female workers as competitors by the males, who previously usurped the fields into which women have since ventured and succeeded; organization has demonstrated the capabilities of woman more than individual merit could have ever done; it has rendered women independent of the influences of men in the adjustment of labor and social difficulties and in the matter of compensation."

Taking this view of the matter, which, it may be explained, is advanced by a Wisconsin lady who is much interested in the subject, it would seem that organization has not only done much to promote the advancement of women, but has in addition opened up a broad field for discussion as to the claims of women for recognition in other than an industrial sense. Our correspondent argues that "a woman who, in the face of the strong opposition of men engaged in similar industrial pursuits, succeeds in elevating herself by her own efforts to an equal plane with them, is certainly entitled to consideration as a factor in both the social and official spheres of life."

The argument is so logical and patent to the student of the social and industrial status of women that it needs no comment. The assumption, however, that men oppose the progress of women and in any way seek to retard their advancement and restrict their capacity as competitors is ungenerous and, in a large measure, will do much to inspire prejudice in men against women. The facts all tend the other way.

Men are not only not opposed to women as fellow workers, but would, if encouraged, do more to assist women in their struggle for supremacy than any other influence could possibly do. The developments of the agitation in the past few years have shown this. Working women have appealed to the national congress and to the legislative bodies of several states for recognition and have obtained it, purely through the assistance of men who realized the justice of the demands. Without the assistance of these men the recognition could never have been secured.

Further than this, women have found, when seeking to obtain the questionable benefits of organization achieved by men, that they had only to be sincere to secure the same. If men are once satisfied that female workers are sincere in their efforts to secure independence, and are willing to render all social propositions subservient to the purpose, women will have no cause for accrediting antipathy to men, but on the other hand will precipitate the millennium of their ambitions much sooner than by working alone.

The natural conclusion to be deducted from these conditions is, That women shall combine their own (as yet disorganized and incomplete) interests with those of men. Organization under such circumstances will obtain for a woman what she wants. Men are to be made friends, not enemies. To obtain recognition from their admirably organized systems of industrial pursuits is as much of a triumph for working women as they will ever secure. This can be done by working with them, not against them.—A Club Woman in Jenness Miller Illustrated.

The Colored Lights in Roman Candles.

In making Roman candles a cylindrical case is taken and packed with a lot of stars. At the bottom of the case they put some of the composition they put in rockets, and on top of each star is some more of it. By mixing certain chemicals green and red lights are produced. Green lights like those used in death scenes on the stage at the theater are made by mixing a great quantity of nitrate of barytes with small quantities of sulphur, chlorate of potash, charcoal pulverized and arsenic.—New York Evening Sun.

A Parrot Seldom Forgets.

A maiden lady once had a fine talking bird, but, being subjected to headaches, she often put him in the kitchen. The cook objected and said to Polly, "You horrid thing, I wish you were dead."

Polly soon learned this, and when his mistress got better and took him to her own room, he said, "You horrid thing, I wish you were dead."

This shocked the delicate little lady. One day she met her rector, and, after he had inquired about her health, he said, "How is Polly?"

Then she told him how Polly had affected her nerves. The rector said: "Send him to spend a month with my bird. He may forget it."

She immediately accepted his offer. In due time Polly was sent home, and, as soon as his mistress went to the cage, Polly saluted her with:

"You horrid thing, I wish you were dead. We beseech thee to hear us, good Lord!"—New York Recorder.

In an English Railway Train.

First Artist—Children don't seem to me to sell now as they used.

Second Artist (in a hoarse whisper)—Well, I was at Stodge's yesterday. He'd just knocked off three little girls' heads—horrid raw things! a dealer came in, sir, bought 'em directly—took 'em away, wet as they were, on the stretchers and wanted Stodge to let him have some more next week.

Old Lady (putting her head out of the window and yelling)—Guard, guard, stop the train and let me out, or I'll be murdered.—London Tit-Bits.

Skillful Canine Equestrianism.

There's an unrivaled exhibition of canine equestrianism to be seen on the streets of Chicago almost any day, which has fully as much or even more real merit about it than one will see in similar displays that are made in any of the "greatest shows on earth." The performer is an exceptionally intelligent water spaniel, and he is a rider of skill. His act consists, in a word, of riding a delivery wagon horse whose driver usually enforces a pell mell gait.

The spaniel sits his mount with his hind feet on the horse's collar, or where the collar would come, and his front feet, one ahead of the other, on the narrow ridge of the horse's neck, his claws clutched in the mane. The faster the horse goes the better the dog seems to like it, judging from his many barks and lively way in which he wags his tail. The sudden rounding of a corner never catches the plucky little animal off his guard, but at such times he will "curve in" with apparently the intelligence of the most accomplished circus rider, and so never loses his balance. He has fallen but once in the two years that his owner says he has been riding, and that was when the horse came near being killed by a cable car.

The horse never goes so well as when carrying the dog, and that of course means that horse and dog are warm friends. Woe to the person or animal who bothers either of them when the other is around, for between the kicking of the horse and the biting of the dog the two old chums make it exceedingly unpleasant for intruders.—Chicago Tribune.

The Clever Dog.

A large, healthy bulldog was sitting totally unaware of the dog catcher's wagon, which came rattling down the street at that moment. Suddenly the fatal lariat shot out, but the dog dodged it and made a bee line for the man who handled it. Then ensued an exciting chase, which was much enjoyed by the populace in the vicinity.

The dog catcher is never very popular with people in general. In this instance he succeeded in clambering into his wagon minus his coattails.

A skirmish then ensued, which ended in the temporary triumph of the dog, who retired to repose on his laurels. The dog catcher came back from ignominious flight a few minutes later, however, and human ingenuity soon triumphed over brute courage. The dog was lassoed and taken to the pound with other unfortunates.

But here the innate sense of justice in man steps in to even up things. Several admiring citizens had viewed the actions of the dog, and when he was carted away they took up a subscription, sent out to the pound, ransomed the animal and provided him with a home.

It is a little comedy like this that makes life seem worth living even to the most dissatisfied individual.—Chicago Globe.

Don'ts for Grammarians.

Do not say "He speaks bad grammar," but "He uses poor English."

Not "I am real ill," but "I am really ill."

Not "I feel bad," but "I feel badly."

Not "Hadn't ought," but "Shouldn't have."

Do not begin all remarks with an exclamation such as "Well!" "Say!" "Oh!"

Do not say "I'm going, I don't believe," but "I'm not going, I believe."

Not a "free pass," but a "pass;" not "New Beginners," but "Beginners;" not "Elevated up," but "Elevated."

Not "I am through dinner," but "I have finished dinner."

Not "It is too salty," but "It is too salt."

Not "It is tasty" but "It is tasteful."

Not "Light complected," but "Light complexioned."

Not "He don't come to see me," but "He doesn't come to see me."

Not "Who are you going with?" but "Whom are you going with?"

Not incorrectly "She wrote to Nell and I," when you say correctly "She wrote to me."—City and Country.

"Like Master, Like Man."

"Look heah, Sambo—has you got dat ar dollar 'n a ha'f you owes me?"

"Goodness gracious, Cæsar, I hasn't dat's a fac'."

"Now look heah, I s'pec's you's gwine to swindle me out ob dat ar' money."

"No, I a'n't, Cæsar—I sw'ar I a'n't."

"Den why ha'n't you paid it? Why isn't ye got it now, eh?"

"Well, ole man, de fac' is, dar's been a mighty big corner in gold, an de bulls an de b'ars hab been cuttin up so dat de money's all locked up."

"Locked up whar?"

"Why—in de banks, ob course."

"Now jus' hole on, ole Gibbertefib. What, in de name ob goodness grashus, hab you got to do wid de banks, an wid gold, an wid bulls an b'ars in a corner? Tell me dat!"

"Look a heah, Cæsar, I'se heerd mas'r tell more'n forty men 'at wanted money dat same t'ing what I tole you, an dar wa'n't one ob 'em treated him like you do me. By golly, 'pears to me you might act like a gempl'man!"—New York Ledger.

Willing to Stop.

Matron—Mr. Nicefello, I dislike to scold, but I really must. You ought to know better than to keep my daughter standing in that cold front hall half an hour, saying good night to her, as you did last night, and as you do every time you come. This morning she had a terrible cold, and her lungs are not strong, you know.

Mr. Nicefello—My goodness! Is she sick?

Matron—No, but she's had a narrow escape. Now these long drawn out good nights have got to stop.

Mr. Nicefello—Indeed they must, my dear madam. I'll go right out for a clergyman.—New York Weekly.

Materials for Glass.

For making the best mirrors the necessary silica is obtained from ordinary white quartz, while common window panes are produced from sea sand to a large extent.—Washington Star.

Deposits of Loadstone.

A Kansas City paper says that there is a bowlder in the Ozarks which will attract a jackknife dropped nine feet away, and that along the line of the fifth principal meridian, in the counties of Carter, Reynolds, Iron and Washington, the lines of east and west surveys are deflected from the true course several degrees, the needle being affected by the deposits of loadstone.

Hebrew tradition says that the tablets of Moses were of sapphire. In Hebrew the word sappir means the most beautiful. It symbolizes loyalty, justice, beauty and nobility.

A Hero of the Future.

History records the unselfish deeds and the bravery of our soldiers in time of danger, and future history will record the bravery of our workmen who earn their daily bread amid great danger and imminent peril. An inquest was held last week by Mr. Brighouse, county coroner at Parr, near St. Helens, on a man named Richard Gill, aged fifty years. About a year and a half ago he was working in the shaft of a coal mine with three other men, blasting rock. The deceased, after the shots were ready, told the other men to get into the hopper.

He then lighted the fuse connected with the shots and then got into the hopper. He fancied he had given the wrong signal and jumped out of the hopper to cut off the fuse. He managed to cut off one, but the others were too far burned. The other men begged him to give the signal to ascend and get into the hopper, but he said: "No, I will stay where I am. It is better for one man to die than for all." Just then the hopper began to ascend and the other men were drawn to the top, and soon after Gill pulled the signal wire and they went down to him and found him badly injured about the head. He had a compound fracture of the skull, and remained five months in the hospital, but never got over his injury.—London Lancet.

Spaniards as Shoplifters.

Spaniards are now said to be most predominant among the criminals arrested for stealing in large shops or pocket picking on race courses or at great public gatherings. Several Iberians have been caught purse snatching at the Gingerbread fair, and there have just appeared before the police court two men and two women from over the Pyrenees who practiced shoplifting on a large scale. The Spaniards, who had been suspected of pocket picking in the Jardin d'Acclimatation, were dogged by a detective, who saw them enter the Grands Magasins du Louvre. They drove to the place in a hired victoria the jehu of which was one of the men. After having remained for awhile in the shop they saw that they were being watched, so they left the place, entered their vehicle and were conveyed to the Printemps.

Thither the detective followed them, and although he had no ocular proof that the Spaniards stole anything he arrested the lot, the driver of the victoria being seized by a policeman who had received instructions to observe his movements. Under the cushions of the vehicle were found three large pieces of silk which had been stolen from the Louvre shops and were valued at a little over forty pounds.—London Telegraph.

English Reporters Must Be Educated.

There are to be no ignoramuses in the English journalism of the future. A special committee of the institute of the profession has prepared a report in which it is recommended that candidates for admission to membership must pass an examination in the English language, English literature, English constitution and political history, political and physical geography. They must also have a "sufficient knowledge" of Latin, either French and German, and "some acquaintance" with universal history.

But perhaps the most important recommendation of all is that every candidate shall be examined in "The Principles of the Law of Newspaper Libel." This is certainly a poser, and any journalist who succeeds in showing that he has mastered the law of libel will be well worthy of all the honors which his colleagues can bestow.—Pall Mall Budget.

Mr. Weslosky's Aristocratic Hen.

At the farm of Mr. Maurice Weslosky, of Albany, a Plymouth Rock hen had been set on sixteen eggs—thirteen of which were Plymouth Rock eggs and the other three eggs of a common breed of chickens. The motherly old hen hatched out the whole sixteen, but when they were all able to run about according to her clucking she seemed to eye the three little aliens suspiciously. That Biddy disapproved the mixture of the breed was at once evinced by the scornful manner assumed, and soon she showed it in an emphatic way by falling viciously on the three strangers and putting a sudden and violent end to their young lives.—Cor. Atlanta Constitution.

No "Reversing" in Fashionable Dancing.

I am about to give society here and the leaders of the german at watering places this summer a bit of fashionable intelligence which I know will be startling in the extreme. The fiat has gone out in the best London and Continental society that the "reverse" in the valse shall no longer be permitted. This reform seems to have been originated by the Prince of Wales, and of course it was immediately taken up by the smaller fashionables in London. The ill natured say his royal highness never did dance well in his golden youth, and that since he has come to a liberal rotundity of belt, or, in other words, grown fat, his dancing is simply execrable. He always had great difficulty in "doing the reverse" in the waltz, and now that he cannot do it all he puts the ban of his disapproval on it. Hereafter there is to be no "reversing" at the state balls or at any dances which are honored by the royal presence. The fact is, the "reverse" was hardly ever seen on the other side of the water at any time, and now having the positive disapproval of "the first gentleman of England" it will disappear for good.—Lounger in Washington Herald.

Church Pillars in a Scrap.

A good thing has just leaked out concerning a church fair held in Utica not very long ago. When the booths were being put in position two men had a disagreement as to what position in the hall a certain booth should occupy. It was a small matter of course, but each disputant was sure he was right. There was a war of words, and one invited the other outside to settle the difficulty. Those who witnessed the settlement said that it was unique and amusing. Which party set the ball rolling will never be known. There was a swish of fists in the air, two angry grunts, a sprinkling of blood from two damaged nasal appendages, a whirl of arms and legs, and the booth builders rolled over one another in the mud. Two sorry looking pillars of the church they were when separated and sent home to recuperate. The booth went up, but whether its position was mutually satisfactory has not been learned.—Utica Observer.

The Earliest Lighthouses.

Fire towers at the entrances to ports were established in the earliest historic times. Bonfires were built on top of them at night.—Washington Star.

WHO LOVES HORSES LOVES WOMEN.

Perhaps Some Girls Look Unhappy Behind Speeders, but Don't Be Too Sure.

The usually apparently endless stream of wagons and carriages, two wheelers, drags and sulkies was filing along the west side drive in Central park, and a wide awake citizen was seated beside a reporter looking on, when the wide awake citizen relieved his mind by this speech:

"I never can understand the women and the horsey men—how they get along together. Several things are common to most men who are what I call addicted to the horse. They either wear the most peculiar and pronounced hats and coats that attract attention from afar, or they pay no heed at all to dress and look shabby even though they are rich. Next, they are rough in speech and often profane. Then again they are so fond of what is called 'talking horse' that many of them seem to warm up on no other topic. But last of all, they are all fond of women. That is no new discovery of mine. I suspect that, though women were men's first companions, the horse has been coupled with woman in man's admiration ever since the quadruped attained sufficient development to create the race of horsey men, and it has long been a rule that the men who love horses are also especially fond of women. But what I can't understand is what fun the ladies get out of the situation.

"I sit here in the park on every fine day and study the case. The horsey men do not talk to the women beside them. They are the most tiresome companions in the world. They never, as a rule, know anything about the scenery they are passing through. They see and enjoy nothing but the horse they are driving. They sit bent up on their seats with a rapt or a stolid expression of face watching the animal they drive. Whether there is a magnetic tingle in the reins, such as we fishermen feel in the pole that is tugged by a trout, I cannot say.

"Either that or the mere delight of watching the rise and fall of the horse's back as it warms to its work suffices to satisfy the man, and there he sits, silent and engrossed—about as admirable a companion to the woman by his side as a mummy or a statue, but that is not all. He has taken the precaution to put on big goggles to protect his eyes from dust and flying stones and clots of dirt. She cannot so disfigure herself, and therefore has to hold her head down and strain the rim of her hat to make it help protect her face. Sometimes she has all she can do to keep her hat from blowing away. What fun any woman gets out of such a companionship is more than I can see.

"But," said the wide awake man, "I was once speaking to a woman of this view of the case, and she plunged me deeper into the mystery. 'A man with a horse has a tremendous advantage over those who have not got horses in gaining favor with young girls,' said she; 'a horse will cover many deficiencies in a man, and a girl will take him and drop a dozen better fellows.' 'Why?' I asked, 'are women so fond of horses?' 'Well,' she replied, 'they like men who own horses; such men are not so numerous as those who don't.'"—New York Sun.

Is an Elopement Ever Excusable?

I should hesitate to say that an elopement is never excusable, but it is very rare indeed that the evils resulting from not marrying would approach in consequence those resulting from a marriage entered into under circumstances which made an elopement seem necessary. I believe in early marriages, but I also believe that every influence should be placed about that sacred institution to keep it pure and holy; that none should enter into it "lightly or unadvisedly." And it would be usually safer to postpone a marriage until objections could be overcome rather than to run the risks attending an elopement. It is a great temptation to a bad man if a woman is willing to enter into a secret marriage, and an elopement partakes of that secrecy. I certainly do not consider this an idle question, but one which calls for much thought.—Mrs. Lyman Abbott in Ladies' Home Journal.

Cows Milked by Machine.

A machine, it is claimed, that will milk thirty cows in one hour and do it so easily and neatly that the cows will scarcely know it has been invented in Glasgow. The machine is constructed on the vacuum principle, and when adjusted to the cow the milk flows in a continuous stream and the machine does the work without assistance. The contrivance is largely used in Scotland, and its practicability has been long ago demonstrated. The greatest objection to the machine by farmers will probably be its price. It is valued at $55 in Scotland, the duties add $45, making the total cost $100.—New York Telegram.

Saving a Stamp.

Mamma—Why did you put two stamps on this letter? One would have been plenty.

Little Tommy—One of the stamps was tored, and I didn't want to waste it.—Good News.

Wanted to Thank the Box Office Man.

I remember, as a law student, dining with Wills at the Cock in Fleet street, and inducing him to take me to a theater afterward. He was loath to go. He loved to take his ease in his inn; but his good nature was stronger than his sloth. We arrived at the theater very late. A locum tenens occupied the booking office. Wills handed his card, and asked that we might be given seats. The young man could not take upon himself to pass us. The acting manager was away. Wills gave a sigh of relief; but I was more strenuous, and insisted that the card should reach the proper official.

We were given the best seats in the house. It was not an historical play, and Wills sat it through very stolidly. As we came out and passed the booking office he paused for a moment. "I am looking for that kind hearted young man," he said, "who was for not letting us in; I would like to give him a shilling." And he meant it.—Pall Mall Mall Gazette.

A Horrid Man.

In a debate on the woman question a horrid man said: "No man in his senses loves a petticoated philosopher or wants to have anything to do with her. I would as soon hug a grizzly bear as to touch such a woman, and I would as soon go on a stroll locking arms with a locomotive as to try to keep company with such a woman." And it never occurred to the old porcupine that all the women just as soon he would too.—New York Sun.

A Leaky Sausage Apparatus.

A little lady walked into a butcher shop and asked for two pounds of beefsteak. When it had been weighed she told the butcher to put it in the mincing machine and chop it up so that she could make meat balls out of it for dinner.

The meat expert, quite an ordinary looking man, entirely unsuited to be the hero of a story like this, followed the instructions, minced the meat and handed it in a paper to the customer. Then he turned in his matter of fact way to attend to a man new to housekeeping who was inquiring if he had any nice mutton steak, and if so how much it was a yard.

The little lady looked at the minced meat and asked the butcher to weigh it again. He did so, and there was just 1¾ pounds.

"There!" said the little lady indignantly. "Your sausage machine has stolen a quarter of a pound of my steak. I've suspected that machine for a long time. You've got to make it good."

"I will not," retorted the butcher. "It's a case of natural wear and tear. Maybe some of the weight of the steak has vanished in the process to which it has been subjected, but there's two pounds of nourishment there."

"The machine either leaks or there's a secret trap that steals my steak," the little lady insisted. "I won't take the meat till it weighs two pounds."

And she didn't.—New York Herald.

W. H. Barber, of Fortuna, Cal., has returned from a visit to the Singley station locality, where with a camera he photographed a man named Jacob Myers as he stood upon one foot on the top of a limbless tree 178 feet high and 14 inches in diameter at the top. Mr. Myers, it is claimed, performed the wonderful feat of dancing a jig on the top of the tree. "Few people," says Mr. Myers, "like to go up so high, but I have never yet seen a place too high for me. It is no trick at all for me in these great redwoods to climb a tree, cut off the top and stand on it. I have stood on the extreme top of an electric tower in Tipton, Ia. The tower was 159 feet high, and I stood on a 1-inch rod with one foot. Of this you can get proof from Tipton. I was a stranger there, but you can find that I did so by asking the people of Tipton."—Cor. Chicago Herald.

Sheep Struck by Lightning.

During the storm of Thursday lightning struck a large tree in a field on the farm of Edward Martin, Pocopson. Underneath the tree was a cow and she was killed instantly by the bolt. Scattered around the field near the tree were twenty-seven lambs and ewes, and after the storm had passed every one of the flock was found lying dead, all their heads being in the same direction, just as the flock had been grazing along in the field. The sheep were of a valuable breed and the loss is a heavy one. A singular feature of the occurrence is that not a mark was to be found on any of the animals.—West Chester (Pa.) News.

Good Dentistry by a Cow.

An Oak Hill (Litchfield) man had an aching tooth out in a novel manner the other day. He was removing a poke from a cow, when the animal threw up her head, striking the bow pin which he held in his hand against one of the lower front teeth, knocking it out. It happened to be the one that had been aching.—Winthrop (Conn.) Banner.

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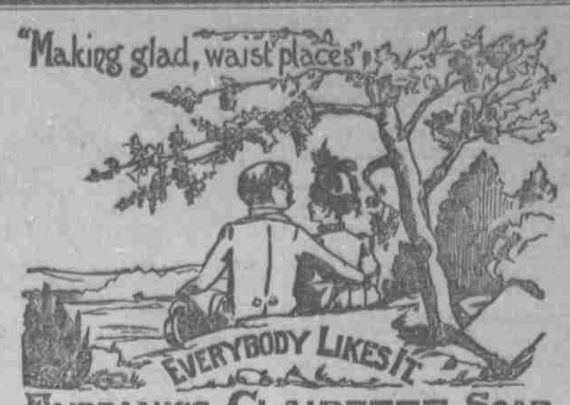

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4
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